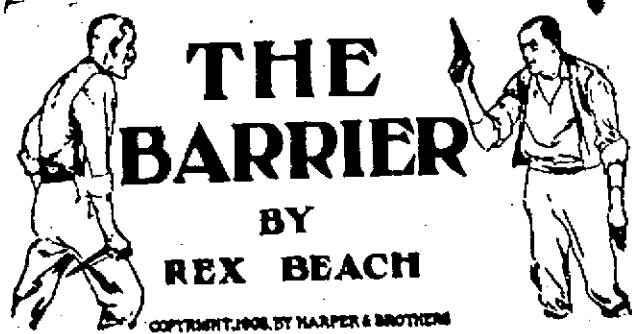


WHOLE NUMBER 8,484.

Street Commissioner Sullivan is  
travelling around in a new Rambler au-  
tomobile these days.



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"I don't want to get even, and there is nothing to tell," said Nedra, "except a girl's troubles, and I can't talk about them." She smiled a painful, crooked smile at him.

"Your old man has been rough to you?"

"No, not that sort of." "Then it's that soldier?" he quizzed shrewdly. "I knew you cared a heap for him. Don't he love you?"

"Yes. That's the trouble, and he wants to marry me. He swears he will in spite of everything." "See here, I don't quite follow. I thought you liked him. He's the kind most women go daffy over."

"Like him? The girl trembled with emotion. 'Like him? Why—why, I would do anything to make him happy.'"

"I guess I must be kind of dull," Stark said perplexedly.

"Don't you see? I've got to give him up. I'm a square."

"Square?—I! With those shoulders?" Stark checked himself, for he found he was rejoicing in his enemy's defeat and was in danger of betraying himself to the girl. In every encounter the young man had bested him, and these petty defeats had crystallized his antipathy to Burrill into a hatred so strong that he had begun to be awake nights planning a systematic quarrel.

He had brooded over his quarrel with Gale and the lieutenant ever since their first clash, for in this place they furnished the only objects upon which his mind could work, and it was a mind, the derangement of a diseased, distorted mind.

"So you like him too much to stand in his way," he said meditatively. "How does your father look at it?"

"He wants the lieutenant to marry me. He says he will fix it up all right. But he doesn't understand. How could he?"

"You are doing just right," concurred the man hypocritically, "and you'll live to be glad you stood out." Now that both his enemies desired this thing he was set on preventing it regardless of the girl. "How did the lieutenant take it when you refused him?"

"He wouldn't take it at all. He only laughed and declared he would marry me anyhow." The very thought thrilled her.

"Does he know you love him?" "The tender, soothing laugh she gave was ample answer."

"Well, what's your plan?" "I—I—I don't know. I am so torn and twisted with it all that I can't plan, but I have thought I ought to go away."

"Good!" he said quickly, but his acquiescence, instead of soothing her, had the contrary effect, and she burst out impulsively:

"Oh—I can't—I can't! I can't go away and never see him! I can't do it! I want to stay where he is! She had been holding herself in stubbornly, but at last gave way with reckless abandon. "Why wasn't I born white like other girls? I've never felt like an Indian. I've always dreamed and fancied I was different, and I am in my soul, I know I am! The white is so strong in me that it has killed the red, and I'm one of father's people. I'm not like the other two. They are brown and silent and as cold as little toads. But I'm white and full of life all over. They never see the men and women that I see in my dreams. They never have my visions of the beautiful snow white mother with the tender mouth and the sad eyes that always smile at me."

"You have visions of such things, eh?"

"Yes, but I came a generation late, that's all, and I've got that other woman's soul. I'm not a half breed. I'm not me at all. I'm Merridy—Merridy! That's who I am."

Her face was turned away from him, so that she did not notice the frightful effect her words had upon Stark.

"Where did you get that name?" His voice was pitched in a different key now. Then after a moment he added, "From the story I told you at the mine that night, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I've always had it, though they call me Nedra. Merridy was my father's mother. I guess I'm like her in many ways, for I often imagine she is a part of me, that her spirit is mine. It's the only way I can account for the sights I see."

"Your father's mother?" he said mechanically. "That's queer." He seemed to be trying to shake himself free from something. "It's hereditary, I suppose. You have visions of a white woman, a woman named Merridy, eh?"

Suddenly his manner changed, and he spoke so roughly that she looked at him in vague alarm.

"How do you know? How do you know she was his mother?"

"He told me so."

"I can show you her wedding ring. I've always worn it." She fumbled for the chain about her neck, but it eluded her trembling fingers. "It has her name in it—'From Dan to Merridy.'"

Stark's hand darted forward and tore the thing from her shoulders. Then he thrust it under the lamp and glared at the inscription, while his fingers shook so that he could barely distinguish the words. His eyes were blazing and his face livid.

Nedra cried out, but he dropped the ornament and seized her fiercely, lifting her from the chair to her feet. Then with one swift, downward clutch he laid hold of her dress at the left shoulder and ripped it half to her waist. A hoarse sound came from his throat, a cry half of amazement, half of

"Let me go! Let me go!" She struggled to free herself, but he held her in a viselike grip, while he peered closely at a blemish well down upon her back. Then he let her slip from his grasp, and, seized with terror, she staggered away from him. He was leaning heavily with both hands upon the table, his thin lips quivering, his whole manner so terrifying that she shrank back. She turned and made for the door, whereupon he straightened up and said in a queer, commanding voice:

"Wait. Don't go. I—I—you— He licked his lips as if they were dust dry, passed an uncertain hand across his bearded brow and, raising the water pail beside the door to his mouth, drank heavily in great, noisy gulps.

"Let me out of here!" the girl demanded imperiously.

"Don't be scared," he said, more quietly now. "You must excuse me. You—you gave me an awful fright. Yes, that was it. Don't worry. I didn't mean any harm."

"You hurt my shoulder," she said, almost ready to cry. "And you tore my dress," she added angrily—"my fine dress. Are you crazy?"

"You see, it's like this—that name of Merridy and that ring—well, the whole thing was so startling I—I went off my head. It came sudden, and I thought—it don't matter what I thought, but I'm sorry. I'll apologize, and I'll get you a whole lot of dresses if you like."

His first impulse had been to tell her everything, but his amazement had rendered him speechless, and now he was thankful for it. Care must be exercised. She must not learn too much, for if she suspected the truth she would go to her soldier lover at once, and no power on earth could hold her back. That would block the vengeance that he saw shaping in the dark recesses of his distorted brain.

First, and above all, he must get the girl away from Flambeau.

These last few moments had driven Nedra's own worries from her mind, but he was bent on recalling them and so continued cautiously:

"You were saying that you thought you'd go away. I think that's a good plan, and you'd be wise to do it for

more reasons than one. It will give you time to think it all over and know your own mind. I want to help you—I'm going to help you—because I've got an interest in you like you were mine. Again he betrayed that strange, mischievous amusement.

"There is no place for me to go," said Nedra, blankly, "except the mission, and I have no way of getting there."

"Don't you worry. I'll furnish the means, and you'd better go tonight!" she flinched—"yes, tonight. There's no one prowling your agony. I'll get a post ready and send a trusty man with you. The current is swift, and if he rows well you can make it by tomorrow evening. That's only one night out, and I'll put some blankets aboard so you can wrap up and have a sleep."

"I must go back and get some clothes," she said, at which he would have demurred had he not seen that she could not travel in her present condition.

"Very well. But don't let anybody see you."

"Of course not."

"It's getting late, and your folks will be abed." He looked at his watch. "Midnight! Be here in an hour."

The light of sacrifice was in Nedra's eyes, and her cheeks were blanched with the pallor of a great resolution.

"I'll be here in an hour," she said sleepily.

He let her out, closed the door after her and locked it; then, drawing a deep breath, he raised his clinched hands above his head and gave a great sigh of exultation. Next he took out his six shooter and examined it carefully. The shells did not suit him, so he filled the gun with new ones, loosened the three lower buttons of his vest and slid the weapon inside his trousers band; then, facing the direction of Gale's trading post, he spoke aloud:

"I was a long time coming, Gaylord, but I'm here, and I've got you where I've wanted you these fifteen years! Yes, and I've got you, too, Burrill! By heaven, this is my night!"

His little body became panther-like in poise, his bearing that of the most cunning animal, and his face set in a fierce, exultant cruelty as he blew out his light and left the cabin.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

## A MYSTERY IS UNRAVELLED.

LEUTENANT BURRILL was considerably taken aback when a quarter of an hour after the young lover's ecstatic return to his quarters Gale knocked at his door, for the trader's visit, coupled with the late hour and his somber countenance, forecast new complications.

"He's here to object, but it won't go," thought the lieutenant as he made his visitor welcome.

Merridy swung his big reading chair out beneath the hanging lamp and, going to the sideboard, brought back a bottle, some glasses and a pouch of tobacco. Noting the old man's slight of fatigue as he sat himself down heavily, he remarked sympathetically:

"Mr. Gale, you've made a long trip today and you must be tired. If this talk is to be lengthy, why not have a drink with me now and postpone it until tomorrow?"

"I've been tired for eighteen years," the other replied. "Tonight I hope to get rested."

"Well, let's get at it," the younger man finally said.

"I suppose you'll want to interrupt and question me a heap, but I'll ask you to let me tell this story the way it comes to me till I get it out. Like-wise you'll want to know what all this has to do with you and Nedra. Yes, she told me about you and her, and that's why I'm here." He paused. "You really think you love her, do you?"

Burrill removed his pipe and gazed at his coal impersonally.

"I love her so well, Mr. Gale, that nothing you can say will affect me. I—I hesitated at first about asking her to be my wife because—you'll appreciate the unusual—well, her unusual history. You see, I come from a country where unalloyed blood is about the only thing that can't be lived down or overlooked, and I've been raised with notions of family honor and pride of race and birth, and so forth, that might seem preposterous and absurd to you. But a heap of conceits like that have been bred into me from generations back. They run in the blood of every old family in my country, and so, I'm ashamed to say, I hesitated and tried to reason myself into giving her up, but I've had my eyes opened, and I see how little those things amount to, after all. I'm going to marry Nedra, Mr. Gale. I'd like to do it the day after tomorrow, Sunday; but she isn't of age yet, and if you object we'll have to wait until November, when she turns eighteen. We'd both like your consent, of course. I'd be sorry to marry her without it. But if you refuse we'll be forced to dispense you." He looked up and met the father's gaze steadily.

"The other man's lips framed a faint smile.

"We'll see. I wish to God I'd had your decision when I was your age. This story would be different and easier to tell." He waited a moment, then settled to his self-appointed task.

"I was mining at the time up in the mother lode country of California, which was the frontier then, pretty much as this is now, only we had better things to eat. I was one of the first men into a camp named Chandon—helped to build it, in fact—and got hold of some ground that looked real good. It was hard mining, however, and, being poor, I was still gripping my drill and hammer after the town had grown up."

"A woman came out from the east—Vermont it was—and schoolteaching was her line of business, only she hadn't been raised to it, and this was her first clatter at the game. Her folks died and left her up against it. I gathered from what little she told me—sort of an old story, I guess, and usual, too, only for her. She was plumb unusual."

He seemed to ponder this a moment and then resumed:

"It don't make any difference to you how I first saw her and how I began to forget that anything else in the world was worth having but her. I'd lived in the woods all my life, as I said, and knew more about birds and bugs and bees than I did about women. I hadn't been broke proper and didn't know how to act with them, but I laid out to get this girl, and I did fairly well. There's something wild in every woman that needs to be tamed, and it isn't like the wildness that runs in wood critters. You can win that over by gentleness, but you have to take it away from a woman. Every live thing that couldn't talk was my friend, but I made the mistake of courting my own kind the same way, not knowing that when two of any species mate the male must rule. I was too gentle. Even so, I reckon I'd have won out only for another man. Dan Bennett was his name—the kind that dunks animals hate, and—well, that takes his measure. His range adjoined mine, and though I'd never seen him, I heard stories now and then—the sort of tales you can't tell to a good woman—so it worried me when I heard of his attentions to this girl. Still, I thought she'd surely And him out and recognize the kind of fellow he was; but, Lord, a woman can't tell a man from a dog, and there wasn't any one to warn her."

"This Bennett came from the town below, where he ran a saloon and a brace game or two; but, being as he rode into our camp and out again in the night and as I didn't drink nor listen to the music of the little rolling ball, why, we never met even after he began coming to Chandon. Understand, I wasn't too good for those amusements. I just didn't happen to hanker after them, for I was living with the image of the little school-ma'am in my mind, and that destroyed what bad habits I'd formed."

"It was along in the early spring that she began to see I had notions about her, but my speech—d backwardness wouldn't let me speak, and, in addition, I was getting closer to one every shot at the mine and was holding off until I could by both myself and my gold mine at her feet and ask her to take the two of us, so if one didn't pan out the other might. But it seemed like I'd never get into pay. The closer I got the harder I worked, and, of course, the less I saw of her, likewise

the officer Bennett came. I reckon no man ever worked like I did—two shifts a day, eighteen hours, with six to sleep. The skin came off of my hands, and I staggered when I came out into the daylight. At last I struck it, and still I waited awhile longer till I could be sure. Then I went down to my little shack and put on my other clothes. I remember I'd gone so thin that they hung loose, and my palms were so raw I had hard work handling the buttons and got my shirt all bloody, for I'd been in the drift forty hours without sleep and breathing powder smoke till my knees buckled and wobbled under me. To this day the smell of stale powder smoke makes a woman of me, but that morning I sang, for I was going for my bride, and the world was brighter than it has ever been for eighteen years. The little schoolhouse was closed, at which I remembered that the term was over. I'd been living underground for weeks and lost track of the days, so that I had to count them up on my fingers. It took me a long time, for I was pretty tired in my head, but when I'd figured it out I went on to where she was boarding."

"The woman of the place came to the door, a Scotchwoman. She had a mole on her chin, I remember, a brownish black mole with three hairs in it. She wore an apron, too, that was kind of checkered, and three buttons were open at the neck of her dress. I recall a lot more of little things about her, though the rest of what happened is rather dreamy."

"I asked for Merridy, and she told me she'd gone away—gone with Bennett the night before, while I was coughing blood from the powder smoke; that they were married in the front room and that the bride looked beautiful. She had cried a bit on leaving Chandon—and—that was about all. I counted the buttons on the Scotchwoman's waist eight or ten times, and by and by she asked if I was sick. But I wasn't. She was a kind hearted woman, and I'd been to her house a good deal, so she asked me to come in and rest. I wasn't tired, so I went away and climbed back up to the little shack and the mine that I hated now."

"I turned into a kind of hermit after that, and I wasn't good to associate with. Men got so they shunned me, and I knew they told strange stories, because I heard them whisper when I went to the stores for grub once a month."

"From time to time I heard of her, but the news, instead of gladdening me, as it would have gladdened some men, wrung out what bits of suffering were left in me, and I fairly ached for her. Nobody comes to see clearer than a woman deceived, so it didn't take her long to find out the kind of man Bennett was. He wasn't like her at all, and the reason he had courted her so hotly was just that he had had everything that rightly belongs to a man like him and had sickened of it, so he wanted her because she was clean and pure and different, and, realizing that he couldn't get her any other way, he had married her. But she was a treasure no bad man could appreciate, and so he tried quickly, even before the little one came."

"When I heard that she had borne him a daughter I wrote her a letter, which took me a month to compose, and which I tore up. One day a story came to me that made me saddle my horse to ride down and kill him—and, mind you, I was a man who made pets of little wild, trusting things. But I knew she would surely send for me when her pain became too great, so I unclenched my gear and hung it up and waited and waited and waited. Three long, endless years I waited, almost within sound of her voice, without a word from her, without a glimpse of her, and every hour of that time went by as slowly as if I had held my breath. Then she called to me, and I went."

"I tell you, I was thankful that day for the fortune that had made me take good care of my horse, for I rode like death on a windstorm. I rode through the streets of Mesa, where they lived, and past the lights of Bennett's big saloon, where I heard the sound of devil's revelry and a shrill voiced woman singing—a woman the like of which he had tried to make my Merridy. I never skulked or sneaked in these days, and no man ever made me take back roads, so I came up to his house from the front and tied my horse to his gatepost. She heard me on the steps and opened the door."

"You sent for me," said I. "Where is he?" But he had gone away to a neighboring camp and wouldn't be back until morning, at which I felt the way a thief must feel, for I'd hoped to meet him in his own house. I couldn't think very clearly, however, because of the change in her. She was so thin and worn and sad—sadder than any woman I'd ever seen. I'd changed a heap myself. Anyhow that was the first thing she spoke about, and the tears came into her eyes as she breathed:

"Poor boy! You took it very hard, didn't you?"

"You sent for me," said I. "Which road did he take?"

"There's nothing you can do," she answered. "I sent to make sure that you still love me."

"Did you ever doubt it?" said I, at which she began to cry like a woman who has worn out all emotion.

"Can you feel the same after what I've made you suffer?" she said, and I reckon she must have read the answer in my eyes, for I never was much good at talking, and the sight of her, so changed, had taken the speech out of me, leaving nothing but aches and pains and sakes in its place. When she saw what she wished to know she told me the story—the whole miserable story—that I'd heard enough of to suspect. Why she'd married the other man she couldn't explain herself, except that it was a woman's whim—I had stayed away, and he had come the other—part pique and part the man's devilish fascination."

"He's a fiend," she told me. "I've stood all I can. He'll make a bad woman of me as sure as his will of the little one if I stay on here, so I have decided to go and take her with me."

"Where?" said I.

"Wherever you say," she answered, and yet I did not understand, not till I saw the look in her eyes. Then as it dawned on me she broke down, for it was a terrible thing for a good woman to offer.

"It's all for the little girl," she cried. "More than her life depends upon it. He must get her away from him."

"She saw it was her only course and went where her heart was calling."

The lieutenant met the look of appeal in the trader's eyes and nodded to imply his complete understanding and approval.

"We love some women for their goodness, others we love for their frailties, but there never was one who combined the two like her, and now that I knew she loved me I began to believe again there was a God somewhere. I'd never seen the youngster, so she led me in where it was sleeping, and I remember my boots made such a devil of a thumping on the floor that she laid her slim white finger on her lips and smiled at me. All the fingers in the world began to choke at my throat and all the blood in me commenced to pound at my heart when I looked on that little sleeping kiddie. The tears began to roll out of my eyes, and because they had been dry for four years they scalded like melted metal. That was the only time I ever wept. The sight of her baby did it."

"I love her already," I whispered, and I'll spend my life making her happy and making a lady of her, which clashed what wavering doubt the mother had, and she began to plan quickly, the fear coming on her of a sudden that our scheme might fail. I was for riding away with both of them that night, back through the streets of Mesa and up into the hills, where I'd have held them single handed against man or devil, but she wouldn't hear of it."

"We must go away," she said, "a long way from here, where the world won't find us and the little one can

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## A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven. Finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

**DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER** and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back, if your urine stings the flesh, if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once. Every dose of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the diseased diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Bins and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.  
Dr. David Kennedy, enough for trial, free by mail.  
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## THE BARRIER

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

note, a "blast" without any and a lot of things like that—and, remember, I had never learned a living thing in all my life. However, that wasn't what hurt. What turned me into a dull, dead, suffering thing was the knowledge that she was gone. For hours I couldn't get beyond that fact. Then came the realization that Bennett had done it, for I reasoned that he had dragged a hint of the truth from her by very force of the fear he held her in—and slain her. God! The awful rage that came over me! But there was nothing to do. I had sworn to guard the little one, so I couldn't take vengeance on him. I couldn't go back and prove my innocence, for that would give the child to him.

"What a night I spent! The next day I saw I had been indicted by the grand jury and was a wanted man. From a distance I watched myself become an outlaw; watched the county put a price upon my head, which Bennett doubled; watched public opinion rise to such a heat that posers began to scour the mountains. What I noted in particular was a statement in the paper that the sorrowing husband takes his bereavement with the quiet courage which marks a brave man! It happened that the Mexican woman couldn't read and talked little. Still, I knew they'd find me soon—it couldn't be otherwise—so I made another run for it, swearing an oath, however, before I left that I'd come back and have that gambler's heart.

"It was lucky I went, for they uncovered my sign the next day, and the country where I'd hidden blazed like a field of dry grass. They were close on my heels, and they closed in from every quarter. But, please, I know the woods like an Indian, and the wild things were my friends again, which would have made it play if I'd been alone, but a girl child of three was harder to manage. So I cowered and skulked day after day like a thief of the murderer they thought me, working always farther into the hidden places, traveling by night with the little one asleep on my bosom, by day playing with her in some leafy glen, with my pursuers so close behind that for weeks I never slept, and my love for the child increased daily till it became almost an insanity.

"We had close squeezes many times, but I finally won, in spite of the fact that they tracked us clear to the edge of the desert, for I had hit for the state line, knowing that Nevada was a wilderness and feeling that I'd surely lose them there. Add I did. But in doing it I nearly lost Merridy. You see, the constant travel and hardship was too much for a prattling baby, and she fell sick from the heat, the dust and thirst.

"I was bound for the nearest ranch or camp where a woman could be found; but, as luck would have it, I went through without trying. I had gone farther from men and things, however, than I thought, and this return pursuit was a million times worse than the other, for I couldn't go fast enough to shake Death, who ran with his hand on my canteen or rode on my horse's rump. It was then I found Alhann. She was with a hunting party of Paw-Utes, who knew nothing of me nor of the white man's affairs and cared less, and when I saw the little squaw I rode my horse up beside her, laid the sick child in her arms, then tumbled out of the saddle. They had a harder job to put me through than they did to save Merridy.

"The little one was playing around several days before I got back my reason, taking us with them, and, as it happened, just missing a posse who were returning from the desert.

"When I was able to get about I told Alhann that I must be going, but as I told her I watched her face and saw the sign I wanted. The white girl had clutched at her like she had at me, and she couldn't give her up, so I made a dicker with her old man. It took all the money I had to buy that squaw, but I knew the middle must have a woman's care, and the three of us started out soon after sunrise and broke.

"Since then we three have never rested. I left them once in Idaho and went back to Mesa, riding all the way, mostly by night, but Bennett was gone. He'd run down mighty fast after Merridy died till he had a killing in his place. Instead of stopping to face it, he out the yellow in him rose to the surface, and he left before sunrise, as I had



"Let me in! Quick! I've got work for you to do!"

left, making a clean get-away, too, for there was no such hullabaloo raised about killing a man as there was about—the other. So my trip was all for nothing.

"I figured it wouldn't be right to either you or Neela to let you go it blind, and so I came in to tell you this whole thing and to give myself up," whole thing and to give myself up."

Gale stopped, then poured himself another drink.

"Give yourself up?" echoed Ben. "How do you mean?" He had not like one in a trance during the long recital, only his eyes alive.

"I'm under indictment for murder," said the trader. "I have been for fifteen years, and there's no chance in the world for me to prove my innocence."

"Have you told Neela?" the young man inquired.

"No; you'll have to do that. I never could. She might disbelieve. What's more, you mustn't tell her yet. Wait till I give the word."

"John Gale," said the lieutenant, "you're the bravest man I ever knew and the best." He choked a bit. "You sacrificed all that life meant when this girl was a baby, and now when she has come into womanhood you give up your blood for her. By all that's great, you are a man! I want your hand!"

Then he inquired irrelevantly: "But what about Bennett, Mr. Gale? You say you never found him?"

The trader answered after a moment's hesitation. "He is still at large," at which his companion exclaimed, "I'd love to meet him in your stead!"

Gale seemed seized with a desire to speak, but even while he hesitated out of the silent night there came the sound of quick footsteps approaching briskly, as if the owner were in haste and knew whether he was bound.

"Lieutenant Burrell," a gruff voice cried, "let me in! Quick! I've got work for you to do. Open up! This is Ben Stark!"

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## How Sherman "Put the Lid On"

DURING the siege of Atlanta some of the Confederate batteries opposing Sherman on the west front of the city were shelled from attack by a mountain which could not readily be scaled by Federal artillery. After long delay and tedious labor the light pieces of the Eleventh Indiana battery were hauled to the crest of the mountain, where the men of the Second Massachusetts had cut a roadway and constructed earth and log pits to shield the guns. A day was fixed, the earliest possible, to open fire upon the lines below. Sherman, General George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," "Lighting Joe" Hooker and General J. M. Brannon, Thomas' chief of artillery, were on the ground to witness the effect of the fire, which was expected to open the way for a successful



"WE WILL NOT OPEN FIRE TODAY,"

ful attack upon Confederate positions which baffled the advance of Thomas' troops.

The time was August, and the heavy, stifling atmosphere inclined the men of both armies to suspend activity. The stillness of death reigned everywhere except around the isolated battery on the mountain top. There the gunners moved with the grim energy of soldiers, facing a crisis. Guns were trained upon the most conspicuous and vulnerable targets. Sherman and his lieutenants stood apart, scanning with fieldglasses the camps where the shots were to strike.

At last the signal was given. Batteries went forward to pull the lanyards and send the shots home, when attention was diverted by the soft pealing tones of a bell trembling on the heavy air across the valley. Louder and still louder the measured chimes sounded over the city, over the camps, up to the mountain crest. Sherman raised a warning finger to gunners, who looked into the eyes of their officers for explanation of this strange gesture. The officers, equally nonplussed, looked to the generals, and Sherman spoke out calmly, but in tones for all to hear, "Gentlemen, we will not open fire today."

Then, turning to the chief of artillery, he said, in the same quiet tones, "General Brannon, you will open fire tomorrow."

"Today" was the Sabbath, a day, according to Sherman's orders, not to be interrupted by the inferno of guns and shells.—Harper's Weekly.

Minus the Picture.

The bridge builder with Stonewall Jackson's army was a rare character if the following story be true:

The Union soldiers, retreating from the valley of Virginia, burned a bridge over the Shenandoah. Jackson, who wanted to pursue, sent for his old bridge builder.

"Sir," he said, "you must keep men at work all day and all night and finish that bridge by tomorrow morning. My engineer shall give you the plan."

Old Miles saluted and withdrew. Early the next morning the general sent for Miles again.

"Well, sir," said Jackson, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge?"

"General," said the old man slowly, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the picture is or not."—Herald and Presbyter.

Swearing in the Cook.

The darky contrabands who frequently strayed within the Union lines were often very acceptable as servants, particularly as cooks. The non-commissioned officers frequently had a heap of sport with these unsophisticated negroes. Occasionally there was great formality in swearing in these cooks. The drums would be sounded or the bugles blown, and amid much impressive pomp the darky would assume his new duties, having sworn to perform them properly, to support the constitution of all the loyal states, clean the plates without wiping them on his coat sleeve, solemnly swearing to put milk in the coffee every morning and other like deeds.

The Unknown Dead.

Now many a soldier's dead, His resting place unknown; His hands were crossed, his lids were closed.

The dust was o'er him strewn, The drifting soil, the moldering leaf, Along the sod were blown. His mound has melted into earth; His memory lives alone.

So let it live undying, The memory of the dead, Long as the pale anemone Springs where their tears were shed. Or raining in the summer's wind, In flocks of burning red, The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves The turf where once they bled.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## A Relic of John Brown

IN a very dilapidated condition—in the midst of the accumulation of old casting boxes and scrap lumber in the yard of the Emory company's copper smelter on Railroad row, Springfield, Mass., now given over to the tender care of rats and pigeons, with an occasional tramp drifting in as an extra guest—stands the identical warehouse used by John Brown and his sons, John Junior and Jason, between the years 1817 and 1851.

John Brown had lived in Massachusetts before. He studied to be a minister in the family of Rev. Moses Hall, of Plainfield just before he reached his majority in the winter of 1810. At that time he was described as "rather tall, sedate, dignified," and he was sent back to his father's tanyard in less than a year because of inflammation of the eyes.

In the warehouse John Brown worked daily with his men, some white and some colored, sorting, classing and transshipping wool. There (1848) Frederick Douglass called upon him and "was surprised to find him in such a small wooden house on a back street."

In that same year Brown, elated at his successful sales, "plunged" to the extent of going to Europe to interview English buyers. It is related that he was phenomenally astute in grading wool by the sense of touch. A half dozen Englishmen met the Yankee farmer and, having heard of his keenness in this particular, resolved to put it to the test. He was led into a dark room in which three small sample packets were lying. Brown instantly detected which was Saxony, which was from Ohio, but at the third he hesitated a moment. Turning to the Yorkers, he said, "If you have any sawe machines in England that will work up dog's hair, put this in it!" The laugh was on his companions, for they had indeed used the shears from a puddle to fool him.

Brown greatly endeared himself to the blacks. In his Springfield warehouse he formed a lodge of "Springfield Gladiators," primarily aimed to protect the negroes from gathering trouble with the whites. Forty-four members joined. Deverly O. Downing headed the list. He would have them come to the downstairs, low-ceilinged office an hour before work began in the morning, and they were there far into the night after work was over.

The late Thomas Thomas, long a restaurateur in Springfield, was engaged at the very first of Brown's career in



JOHN BROWN'S WAREHOUSE.

that city as a porter. He said that when he asked Brown how early in the morning he should come to work the reply was, "We usually begin work at 7, but come earlier for I want to talk with you." He declared that Brown was wont to talk by the hour with white or black sympathizers.

It made little difference how pressing the business; the enthusiast was always ready to call a halt when the opportunity to expound his views presented itself. He preferred to do most of the talking and appreciated a good listener.

In the collated correspondence of Brown there are two later items having a distinct bearing upon this wool working Springfield era. On the copy of Brown's letter to his son John, as given in Dr. G. W. Brown's book, appear these words apropos to the father's elation at making a business connection with Colonel Perkins (Jan. 11, 1844):

"This, I think, will be considered no mean alliance for the poor bankrupt and his family in a manner so unexpected. I most certainly hope we will have the wisdom given us to make the most of it."

In the letter quoted in Frank B. Sanborn's book, under date of April 10, 1853, when he was rapidly nearing his self imposed martyrdom, addressing "dear wife and children, every one," Brown speaks of "the liabilities I incurred while connected with Mr. Perkins" and further says, "Most of you know well I gave up all I had to Perkins while with him."

It was somewhat startling to see recently, after almost sixty years have passed, on the great billboard which now completely hides this dilapidated, tumble-down wool storage warehouse from passers on the railroad, the lurid advertisements of a traveling "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, with fugitive slaves being chased by bloodhounds, when less than three feet from the base of the same boarding stands the same counting room which heard, back in 1840, fiery denunciations of just such scenes from the lips of old "Ossawatimie" Brown himself, even then planning the tragic course which led him at last to the Harpers Ferry raid and to the gallows.—Boston Globe.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

A bird in the business is worth any number, however large it may be, on women's hats, reckons Judge.

## JAMES P. TAYLOR,

139  
Thames Street,

—AND—

## Clothing

GENTLEMEN'S

## Furnishing Goods.

AGENT FOR

Rogers, Peet & Co.'s

CLOTHING.

## Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woollens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 percent less than our regular prices. This sale is in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## GOLDBECK'S

## Diastatic Extract of Malt.

This preparation

Established by Franklin in 1754.

## The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 151  
House Telephone 1040

Saturday, May 29, 1909.

Congressman Lorimer of Chicago has been elected United States senator from Illinois by the joint Illinois Assembly. He won by one vote over Hopkins after a five-months' deadlock, the deciding vote being cast by Speaker Shurtliff.

Dr. Wai, J. Long, the nature writer, says Roosevelt is a game butcher, pure and simple, and that his interest in animals lies chiefly in the direction of blood, butchery and brutality. There certainly appears to be much foundation for such a statement.

Senator Aldrich is now the target of abuse of nearly every newspaper in the country. He does not seem to mind it though. He keeps right on making the tariff bill to suit himself, "insurgent" Republicans and the newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is expected now that the Senate will be ready to vote on the tariff bill soon after June 10, and that the new tariff will become a law by June 20. Let us hope so. The sooner Congress gets through and adjourns the sooner we shall have business improvement.

Mr. Roosevelt has begun writing the first of his magazine articles for publication. At a dollar a word his experiences with the animals he has already met ought to relapse him far over the expenses of his trip. The magazine yet to come are to be clear apocryph.

Fifty-four millions is the amount of the contracts already made for new factories to be built in New England. Rhode Island stands second in the amount to be expended. It looks as though the manufacturing interests, at least, were looking for better business soon.

It does not matter so much what kind of a tariff bill Congress passes as it does that it passes something promptly and adjourns. The country can adapt itself to most any kind of a tariff if it only knows what it is and what it is going to be for the next few years. It is the uncertainty that kills business.

The papers round the country are talking about a "snafu". Fourth of July in which there shall be no fire crackers and no noise. Now a Fourth of July without noise would not be much of a Fourth to the small boy, nor to many of a larger growth. Let us have all the noise possible, and let young America show its patriotism in the good old way.

Lord Roberts had been soldiering for nearly fifty years when they sent him to South Africa to discourage the Boers. He "gave his proofs" in the Indian Mutiny. He was in at the relief of Lucknow and at the capture of Kabul; he relieved Kandahar himself; he took part in a dozen hazardous expeditions, was in a hundred hot corners, had horses shot under him, was wounded, won the Victoria Cross. But he has lived through it all to see his seventy-sixth birthday, and his golden wedding. He may well be called the Grand Old Man of the British Empire.

To-morrow will be May 31st, the day set aside by law for the people of this generation to do reverence to the memory of those brave men who freely and unhesitatingly gave of their life blood that this great country should continue to live as one undivided nation. It is right that one day in the year should be devoted to a consideration of the heroic deeds of those dark days, and the few survivors of that great conflict to-day have a right to ask that the day should not be made an occasion for merry-making but should rather be a time of mourning for the memory of the valiant dead.

A Fall River despatch says: Drunkenness has been more evident than usual since the "dry" spell set in here. In the last seven days 68 persons had been arrested for drunkenness, while for the corresponding period last year the number was 53. Most of the men arrested came from the Tiverton line, and in the seven days there have been but three days when less than 10 drunks were picked up. Generally the arrests at the line have been of men whose condition was such that the street railway officials refused them admission to the cars.

It is pretty evident that prohibition does not prohibit in Fall River. There is always some way devised by which the "liberty" can get their supply.

The Fall River News is giving daily figures of the number of arrests made for drunkenness in that city since the place went "dry" and comparing them with the number on the same days a year ago. Here are some of them:

May 25, 1909	17
May 26, 1909	0
May 27, 1909	19
May 28, 1909	9

It says further: "Thus far this month the total of arrests from the southern station for all offenses is 166. On the Tiverton side there was not such a big business in the drunk line, and Town Sergeant Manchester reported that there was only one man taken in, and he was held for safe keeping over night." This does not speak well for prohibition.

## Repudiated by his Own.

Ex-Gov. Caryle and his fellow Democrats of Cumberland are at loggerheads, or in other words the Democratic leaders of that town say the ex-Governor is more, because they would not nominate him for the General Assembly last fall. At a caucus of the party held a few days ago they appointed a committee to reply to the ex-Governor's desire for a non-partisan Government for that town. The concluding sentences of the reply are somewhat interesting as well as of a local bearing. It says:

"You speak of making the General Assembly the passage of a law to do away with party distinctions on the ballot in town elections. I wish to remind you, sir, that it is just three years this spring that you stood in Democratic caucus and urged all present to vote the straight ticket and the best way to do that is put your cross under the star." You cannot deny that.

"You speak of the Newport city charter, which you understand, is useful and satisfactory. Do you know that the entire city of Newport, including both Democrats and Republicans, is heartily sick of its present form of government, which, it is claimed, is most unwieldy and does not do away with partisan politics, as you would have us understand in your communication?"

"In conclusion, sir, I would inform you that since your letter was printed, the statement has been made generally throughout the town that you are feeling disgruntled and 'sore' because of your recent defeat in Democratic caucuses in Cumberland."

The Presbyterians in annual assembly at Denver are getting a little sarcastic. The board of foreign missions report says want more missionaries so "that the natives of Uganda can count the number of lions, tigers and giraffes slain by our beloved former President." One untidly divine told the assembly that, "Grace is not usually said over champagne and lobster in a Newburg. Family altars are not raised over Persian rugs. Students for the ministry do not as a rule get their early training by running steam yachts."

The engagement has been announced of Baroness von Hafften, a close friend of the Queen of Holland, to Mr. Charles F. Hatch of New York. Mr. Hatch is well known in Newport, having been brought up in the family of Mr. John Austin Stevens. The young couple is expected here at once to spend a portion of the honeymoon, after which they will sail for Europe.

At a meeting of the Young People's Musical and Literary Association of the Shiloh Baptist Church on Wednesday evening, resolutions were adopted thanking Senator Foraker for his attitude toward the negroes in the Brownsville case.

The tobacco users of the country are a good-natured lot and will make no protest against the suggestion of Senator Beveridge that they be taxed sufficiently to make up the annual deficiency in the government revenues.

About a dozen members of Weneat Shalott Tribe of Red Men went to Westerly on Tuesday to attend the session of the Great Council of the State. They were royally entertained and had a most enjoyable time.

The plan to get two hours more of daylight out of the long days by rising two hours sooner will make no appeal to many who find it hard work now to arise even after the sun has been up several hours.

It is said that the lobster industry of Nova Scotia was practically destroyed by the gale that swept the coast early in the week. The boats were nearly all destroyed and lobster traps dot the entire coast line.

No. 2002 in Blockading Prison, alias Capt. Hays, hits the unwritten law in 1909 a harder blow than it encountered before since it was invented by Bickles in 1859 and patented by Macfarland in 1908.

It is reported that Bousset Farm on Coddington Point has been purchased by Mr. Walter B. Andrews, a brother of Mr. Paul A. Andrews, who is expected to erect a handsome residence there.

The highway department is preparing to start some experimental repairs on the Broadway pavement as soon as the weather is fit. It needs it badly, enough.

Gov. Johnson intimates that Col. Bryan is a political joke. Wait until 1912 and the colonel will have some fun with the ambitious Swede.

Many fish are being shipped out of Newport every day. Mackerel have been landed here in large quantities.

Rev. Arthur O. Pritchard has been in town this week to visit his father.

## Portsmouth.

Mrs. William M. Hughes was called to her former home in Skowhegan, Me., last week by the serious illness of her step-father, Spinner Clark, who with his family spent the season here last summer. He died soon after her arrival and Mrs. Hughes will probably remain in Skowhegan a short time.

Extensive improvements have been made at the corner where Wapping road and Sandy Point avenue meet, opposite the main entrance to Reginald C. Vanderbilt's residence. The road-side has been graded and a hedge and a large amount of shrubbery set out making a screen across the entire corner.

## Tiverton.

Monday evening, 15 of Mrs. H. C. Osborn's friends presented her with a large and handsome May-market, filled with good things. After a chase the party was invited in and spent a very enjoyable evening.

## Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., May 27, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent. May 27 to 31, warm wave 28 to 30, cool wave 29 to June 2. The principal features of this disturbance were expected to be a great rise in temperature, warm weather threatening and severe weather with probability of severe storms.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 2, cross Pacific slope by close of 3, great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern states 7. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 6, great central valleys 7, eastern states 9.

This will be one of the three dangerous storm periods of June and as severe storms cannot now be definitely located, the best policy is to be on the alert, especially in sections where such storms sometimes occur. I expect three storms to be most severe within a day or two of June 4. I have the storm center located on June 4 in the great central valleys west of the Mississippi river, but as these storm centers move eastward from 400 to 700 miles a day the exact location where the dangerous storms will break cannot now be known.

Temperatures will go very high before this storm center passes and very low following it. Very cool weather will drift eastward June 5 to 10, crossing meridian 90 about 7 to 8. This fall in temperature will cause rains as the high barometer comes in.

Three great storm waves will cross the continent during the five days of which June 1, 2, 3 and 4 will be central days. Very little harm can result by so arranging affairs as to be on the safe side during the passage of these severe storms, while much good may result. Future bulletins will give details.

I expect temperatures of June to average about normal but they will go to great extremes as the storm centers cross the continent. Rainfall of the month will be deficient except in the cotton states east of the Mississippi river.

## THE COMET.

The great comet that is coming next year will not only cause general interest and some alarm but will cause general discussion of the nature of these occasional visitors, and when that discussion is over, the public, the common readers, will know more about the universe in which we live and about the forces that operate the machinery of the wonderful solar system.

Scientific men are not all agreed about these matters and they, too, may learn by discussion. As our weather changes are the effects of these forces that move the machinery of the universe—who will dare say that weather changes come by chance?

## A CONFIDING CONSTABLE.

The Way He Helped the Housemaid Repel the Burglars.

A good story is told at the expense of a constable in rural England, says a writer in the London Telegraph.

Not long ago a young and pretty housemaid arrived at the big house of the neighborhood, and it was observed that her friend's best often took him in that direction. At first she seemed to resent his advances, but suddenly she changed altogether, and the course of true love appeared to run smoothly for a time.

One night he called rather later than usual. It was dark, and his fair one greeted him somewhat coolly, he thought.

His doubts, however, disappeared when she suddenly declared that she would take him into her confidence. She had overheard the particulars of a plot to break into the house and steal the plate.

"Now, Jim," she said, "here's a chance for promotion. The burglars know where the plate was kept, so we've shifted it. What I want you to do is to get into the plate cupboard and wait till they come and open the door. Then you'll have 'em."

Jim jumped at the chance and half an hour later was concealed in the cupboard. The burglars came, as expected, and promptly got to work.

The constable checked to himself as he heard the muffled whirr of a tool on the outside of the cupboard door, and he grasped his staff accordingly.

After some minutes' waiting he resolved to take a cautious peep. But the door was fast, securely screwed on the outside by the burglars.

When Jim eventually roused the house and was released from his prison by the burglars and plate, together with the pretty housemaid (a confederate), had disappeared. Moreover, the constable's position took a good deal of explaining away.

## Awkward, but No Chump.

Once there was a pretty woman who came upon a huge ostrich in the desert.

"Foolish bird," said the pretty woman. "You cover your head with sand and think you are out of sight."

The huge ostrich laughed.

"My dear madam," he chuckled, "there is nothing foolish about that. Don't you cover your head with a hat decorated with your feathers and think you are 'out of sight'?"

Moral.—The ostrich is an awkward bird and eats horsehoes, but he can hit back in other ways than with his big feet.—Chicago News.

## Chances in Gambling.

Henri Polnaire, the leading mathematician of France, declares that there is no infallible martingale or method of doubling one's stakes after every loss. "All one can do," says M. Polnaire, "is to combine one's play so as to have a great chance of winning a little and a little chance of losing much or a few chances of gaining much and many chances of losing little. One can arrange his play so as to have one chance of winning a million francs and a million chances of losing a franc or a million chances of winning a franc and one chance of losing a million francs—and that's all."

## Incomparable.

Towne—Well, well, the idea of his marrying Miss Goldy! Why, he's a dyspeptic. Brown—What has that to do with it? She's got plenty of money, and so—Towne—That's just it. She'll never agree with him; she's too rich.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Washington Matters.

Long Debates on Tariff Bill are to be Brought to a Close—Proposed Changes in the Naval Regulations—Vice President Sherman Takes Frequent Rests—Proposed Supervision of Food Factories—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.] Washington, D. C., May 27, 1909.

The Senate leaders are far from satisfied with the progress being made on the tariff bill, and with a desire to call a halt on speeches for home consumption and to have the tariff debate confined to the specific questions under consideration, they intend to do everything in their power to limit the scope of the discussion. Hereafter the tariff orators are to be held within bounds and will not be permitted to discuss the fundamentals of free trade and protection, the trust question, the political situation, freight rates and other economic subjects. On Thursday of this week, after a long debate in which almost everything except the pending amendment was discussed, Senator Tillman suggested that the time had come when something ought to be done to put an end to "this useless wrangle," and said he was weary of sitting in the Senate with nothing to do except listen to professions of political faith by Republicans and Democrats, and in this he voiced the sentiments of many others. Senator Aldrich, chairman of the Finance Committee, intends at an early date, to invoke a rule that no Senator shall speak more than twice on any one question in debate on the same day without the permission of the Senate, and he intends, also, to insist that the Senate confine itself to consideration of the paragraphs under consideration. It is hoped, in this way, to dispose of the bill before the summer is over.

Since the Sperry board made its report on changes in the navy regulations Secretary Meyer has been applying himself industriously to the subject, and he has decided, practically, to formulate a plan of his own for navy yard reorganization, founded on the basic principle that the highest possible degree of efficiency should be the controlling purpose of every change and of his entire administration. Brief as has been his experience at the head of the Navy Department, Mr. Meyer has grasped already this basic proposition that the efficiency of the fleet is the great essential and that all else must bend to that end. While efficiency and economy will be promoted in the navy yards, they are to be recognized as of secondary importance.

In the days of the Roosevelt administration visitors to the Senate galleries were always sure to get a glimpse of Vice President Fairbanks, hear his humorous tones, and view the dignity of the man with which he presided over that body. He was always in his seat and seemed to believe that it was the duty of the Vice President to remain near the Senate. Vice President Sherman takes another view, and believes that the Vice President should have the same leisure as any other member of the Senate. He knows there are many capable hands in which to trust the gavel and he has taken several afternoons off to play golf and has made several trips to his home on business. He calls Senator Frye to the chair whenever it is possible, knowing that he is entrusting the business of the Senate to one of the most exact and capable officers who ever presided over the Upper House of Congress. When Senator Frye is absent Mr. Sherman calls on any one who happens to catch his eye. One day this week four different Senators alternated in the chair. The consensus of opinion is that Mr. Sherman is right in escaping at times from the bombardment of oratorical periods.

After no little discussion and five weeks' work the name of Jefferson Davis, president of the late Southern Confederacy, has been restored to the tablet on Cabin John Bridge. When Mr. Davis was Secretary of War, in the fifties, his name formed part of the legend originally cut into the tablet, but it was erased from the stone in 1862 by order of Secretary Caleb Smith of the Interior Department. President Roosevelt ordered its restoration, forty-seven years later, just before his retirement from office, and his action was the result of urgent appeals of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Prominent members of the Association of State and National Food and Dairy Departments are considering the advisability of asking Congress, at its next session, to enact legislation providing for supervision of all factories which prepare food products entering into interstate commerce. The advocates of such a measure maintain that it could be drawn along lines similar to that providing for the inspection of meat and meat products. Many Congressmen are of the opinion, however, that such legislation, if enacted, would not stand the tests of the courts, and they maintain that it is doubtful if the meat inspection law would be upheld by the Supreme Court, were it taken before that tribunal. The packers have been so befuddled by the law that they have not been disposed to subject it to the tests of the courts. It is doubtful if the purveyors of food products generally would be equally befuddled, and it is feared that, were an attempt made to so far extend the system, the entire legislative structure would fall. It is considered extremely doubtful, therefore, if Congress could be induced to extend the policy of federal inspection.

## DEER KILLING IN ORDER

Farmers Complain That Animals Are Eating Up Their Crops.

Ware, Mass., May 28.—Farmers in the district known as Ware Town are up in arms over deer that have been eating up their crops. They say they will shoot the deer and eat the carcasses.

The deer have appeared in herds ranging from fifteen to thirty-six, in orchards and clover plots. All along the row of farmhouses farmers tell woe-tale of the destruction of their property.

Spreckels Denies Engagement Paris, May 28.—A rumor which has been current here that young Claus Spreckels of San Francisco, who has been studying music in Paris, and Miss Mary A. Case of Portland, Ore., had become engaged, is denied by Spreckels.

Postmaster For Fifty-Nine Years Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 24.—Milo F. Winchester, the oldest postmaster in the United States, having served continuously at America for the past fifty-nine years, died of pneumonia. He was 86 years old.

## GOVERNOR HASKELL

## AGAIN INDICTED

Five Others Implicated in Alleged Town Lot Frauds

Tulsa, Okla., May 28.—Indictments charging fraud in the Muskogee town lot cases were returned by the United States grand jury against Governor Haskell, F. B. Seyers, W. T. Hutchins, C. W. Turner, A. Z. English and W. R. Eaton.

The accused men are charged with obtaining titles from the government to town lots in Muskogee by illegal methods. Bond in each case was fixed at \$5000 and was promptly furnished. It is thought the cases will be heard at an early date.

This is the second indictment of Haskell in the Tulsa case. The first bills were dismissed on a technicality. The hearing before the grand jury had many sensational features. Numerous witnesses testified.

## NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

James Johnson, aged 49, a sailor, fell down the afterhold of the schooner General F. S. Greeley at Portland, Me., and died instantly of a broken neck.

Frank W. Cheney, secretary and treasurer of Cheney Bros., silk manufacturers, died suddenly at his home at South Manchester, Conn., from heart disease. He was born in Providence in 1832.

Joseph Quinotte, 33 years old, committed suicide at his home at Marlboro, Mass. He was a restaurant keeper, and did a supposedly good business.

Edward F. Mann, aged 33, a street car conductor, fell from the running board of his car at Natick, Mass., and was instantly killed.

Clyde Delmurs, 13, a student at Bridge academy, Dresden, Me., fell into Eastern river and was drowned.

The resignation of Frederick W. Putnam, professor of American archaeology and ethnology at Harvard, is announced, Putnam having reached the age of retirement.

Goodie Grant, 87 years old, a farmer of Prospect, Me., committed suicide by hanging. Family trouble is believed to have been the motive.

W. E. V. Cook, formerly treasurer of the Milford Co-operative Savings bank, was released from the Massachusetts state prison, having completed the minimum sentence of six years for the embezzlement of about \$20,000 from the Milford bank.

Rev. Henry A. Cooke, D. D., a Baptist, died at Cambridge, Mass., aged 83. Since his retirement from the ministry he had devoted himself to literary work.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC

MAY 1909	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Moon & High water
28 Sat	4 52	7 22	2 3	5 40	4 06			
29 Sun	4 52	7 22	2 3	5 40	4 06			
30 Mon	4 51	7 21	2 2	5 39	4 05			
31 Tues	4 51	7 21	2 2	5 39	4 05			
1 Wed	4 50	7 20	2 1	5 38	4 04			
2 Thurs	4 50	7 20	2 1	5 38	4 04			
3 Fri	4 50	7 20	2 1	5 38	4 04			

Full Moon, 24 day, 25, 26m, evening.  
Last Moon, 10th day, 11, 22m, evening.  
New Moon, 17th day, 18, 28m, evening.  
First Moon, 24th day, 1h, 25m, evening.

## A Small Farm For Sale

Close to Trolley Line  
I have for sale a very desirable small farm of about 10 acres with a good house and outbuildings. This place is very close to trolley and well situated. Fine spring of water. An excellent place for an early vegetable and poultry farm. Price \$7500. Apply at once to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,  
REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
125 Bellevue Avenue,  
Newport, R. I.

## Deaths.

In this city, 24th inst., at her residence, 11 Coddington street, Mary A., wife of Cornelius D. Moriarty.

In this city, 24th inst., George A., wife of George A. and Julia Ann Penn Hall.

In this city, 24th inst., at the residence of his parents, 20 Thames street, Francis Henry, son of James and the late Mary Ann Moriarty.

In this city, 24th inst., at his residence, 23 Coddington street, Rudolph E. Winkler, aged 4 years, 11 months and 14 days.

In West Scarborough, on 24th inst., Robert B. Cutler, in 72nd year.

In Providence, 24th inst., Emory M. Porter, Jr., infant son of Emory Moulton and Mary Emerson Bradley Porter.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 24th inst., Monroe Reed, formerly of this city.

Suddenly on May 24th, 1909, at Florence, Italy, Thomas G. Ford, formerly of Newport, R. I.

## CARTER'S

## LITTLE

## LIVER

## PILLS.

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Bloating, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Cures, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all the other disorders of the liver, and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure.

ACHE  
In the face of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure while others do not.  
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and yet they are so powerful that they will cure any liver and bile disease and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.  
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.  
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

## EXCEPTIONS

## OVERRULED

Supreme Court Decides Against Cardenio F. King

Man Who Astonished Country by His Meteoric Career in World of Finance Will Continue to Engage in Occupation of Operating Knitting Machine—Bad News Conveyed to Him by His Wife

Boston, May 25.—Cardenio F. King, the one-time financier, promoter, stock broker and publisher, must serve his full sentence of from ten to fourteen years at hard labor in state prison.

By a decision of the full bench of the supreme court, handed down yesterday, all the exceptions taken by his counsel at the time of King's trial are overruled and the former newspaper reporter, whose meteoric career in the world of finance astonished the country, now stands convicted of larceny from those who answered his glowing advertisements, without possible hope of legal recourse except for an executive pardon.

Mrs. King went to the prison to break the news to her husband. The interview in the presence of a prison official was an affecting one, but King took the tidings very stoically.

Since his incarceration began last winter King has enjoyed very good health and the prison officials say that he is today in even better condition than when he entered the institution. Each morning immediately after breakfast he marches with a squad to the knitting mill and spends the day in operating a hosiery machine.

CUT OF \$36,000,000.  
President's Recommendation in Regard to Army Estimates  
Washington, May 25.—President Taft has sent back to the war department the estimates submitted to him for the support of the military establishment during the fiscal year 1911, and indicated his desire that they should be cut approximately \$36,000,000.

Army officers say the reduction in estimates, if persisted in by the president, means practically no construction work for the army during 1911.

Severe Earth Shocks Cause Walls of Messina Ruins to Collapse  
Messina, May 25.—One of the severest shocks since the great earthquake occurred here Monday afternoon. The movement was both vertical and horizontal and lasted ten seconds. The shock was preceded by a rumbling noise.

The populace fled, panic-stricken, and the walls of the ruins in various places collapsed.

Must Not Pollute Lake  
Burlington, Vt., May 23.—An injunction restraining the Consolidated Rendering company from discharging its waste products into Lake Champlain and thereby polluting the waters of the lake and the atmosphere in the neighborhood, was granted in the Chittenden county court here.

Woolen Mill Changes Hands  
North Oxford, Mass., May 23.—The Narragansett Worsted company of Providence is the owner of the Ingenot woolen mill here, together with the tenements of the employees, following the completion of a transaction with the Thayer Woolen company of Oxford.

Exploding Powder Burns Students  
Watertown, Wis., May 23.—Four students at Northwestern (Lutheran) university were badly burned, one perhaps fatally, by an explosion of powder while they were loading shells in preparation for a sham battle by a cadet company.

New Balloon Gets a Wetdown  
Springfield, Mass., May 23.—The new balloon Springfield made its maiden trip in a rainstorm, landing safely on Greylock mountain, fifty miles west of this city. The greater part of the trip was above the clouds.



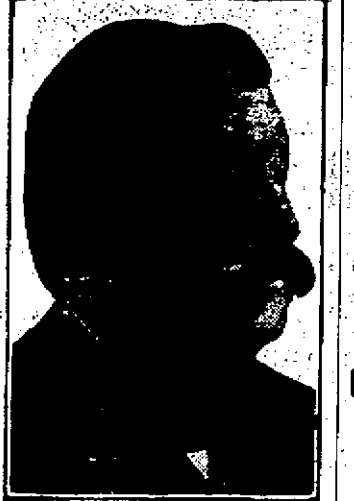
# FIVE MONTHS' DEADLOCK ENDS

## Congressman Lorimer Elected Senator From Illinois

### DEMOCRATS LINE UP FOR HIM

His Political Sagacity Shown by Fact That He Had Not Received a Vote Up to a Few Days Ago, While Hopkins Was Almost Within Winning Distance—A Self-Made Man of British Birth

Springfield, Ill., May 27.—Congressman William Lorimer of Chicago is the junior United States senator from Illinois. He was elected on the 95th ballot in the joint assembly, by a coalition of 53 Democrats and 55 Republican votes, to fill the vacancy from Illinois, which has existed in the senate since the term of Albert J. Hopkins, Republican primary candidate for re-election, expired on March 1. The deadlock has existed since last January.



REPRESENTATIVE LORIMER.

Most of the leaders express satisfaction with the outcome. The outward quietness with which the election was brought about testifies to the consummate political prowess of Lorimer. Until a few days ago he had not received a vote for senator, while Hopkins, who went before the legislature with the endorsement of the primary election of the Republicans of Illinois, had kept within 20 or 30 votes of a majority during the five months of the deadlock. A few days ago Lorimer received one vote and rumor began to travel that he was to be elected by a carefully arranged bi-partisan coalition.

After his election Lorimer thanked the Democrats for their support and announced that he had always been and always would be a Republican.

Although William Lorimer's progress in politics has been steady and consistent from the time when he began securing city contracts for his firm of contractors until he was elected to the United States senate he can never be president, for he was born in England.

Mr. Lorimer's biography in the congressional directory is one of the briefest, about fifty words, and omits to mention that he first saw the light in 1851. At the age of 5 he was brought to this country by his parents. At the age of 12 he worked as a sign painter's apprentice. Later he labored at the stockyards, of which, in after years, he was to be known as the "boss." Next he gathered nickels on a street car.

Meanwhile he had become a political factor. He became a contractor, was called the "blonde boss" in the newspapers and was counted on to deliver the packing house district to the Republican ticket. In 1882 he was defeated for a county office, but three years later he was elected to the Fifty-fourth congress, where he has remained, with the exception of one term, ever since.

### Mills in Need of Help

Jefferson, Mass., May 26.—The resumption of operations after an eighteen months' shutdown at the Eagleville woolen mills here has caused a revolution in the industrial life and aspect of this town. The officials are canvassing the nearby country for help. Several hundred persons will be given employment.

### Indiana Option Elections

Indianapolis, May 28.—La Porte and Floyd counties voted wet and Harrison county voted dry in local option elections Thursday. The majority for the wets in La Porte county was about 3000; Floyd county voted wet by a majority of about 2000. The dry majority in Harrison county is 169.

### No Outdown at Fall River

Fall River, Mass., May 25.—The present rate of wages in the Fall River print cloth mills will be continued during the next six months, the manufacturers having waived their right under the sliding scale agreement to make a cutdown of about 5 percent.

### Lived a Hundred and Nine Years

Kirkland, N. B., May 26.—John Graham died here, aged 109 years. Graham, who was a prominent Orangeman, was born in Ireland and landed at St. John in 1826. He was in possession of all his faculties and active till about a month ago, when he was taken ill.

### Hammond Not Going to China

Washington, May 26.—After an hour's listening with President Taft, John H. Hammond definitely declined the tender of the ministerial post to China.

### HAD UP-TO-DATE PLANT

But Alleged Counterfeiters Could Not Escape Secret Service Men

New Haven, May 28.—Three of the five men captured at the Joseph Farwell farmhouse in Wilton in a raid made by secret service agents, and who are charged with counterfeiting, were brought here for safe keeping.

The federal officers say that a complete counterfeiting outfit was found in the place and there was also about the house and garden an ingenious system of electric wires to give alarm of the approach of anyone.

A considerable quantity of silver bullion, besides dies and other machinery, was also found there, it is said. A number of half dollars said to have been similar in composition and weight to those minted in the government mints were also found there.

Two of the men captured in the raid are still at the farmhouse under guard.

### PERHAPS BLACK HAND MEN

Waterbury Police May Have Made an Important Capture

Waterbury, Conn., May 28.—In the capture of Frank Solo and Giovanni Altardi, held here for an attempt to tamper with state witnesses, the local police believe they have captured two of a gang of desperate criminals.

Papers were found on them, one of which was a letter head of Gaspare Tedeschi of Palermo, Italy, suspected of complicity in the murder of Lieutenant Petrosino of the New York police force, and another of Giovanni Pecoraro, who became notorious through his connection with the famous "barrel" murder case in New York.

### NO COMMUNICATION WITH GIRL STUDENTS

#### College Men Bring Unusual Penalty Upon Themselves

Appleton, Wis., May 26.—As a punishment for chaffing and dancing last week at Clifton, in violation of a specific order of the faculty, seventy students of Lawrence college last night agreed to forego all communication of tongue or pen between students of the opposite sex during the remainder of the college year and to apologize personally to the faculty.

All offenders who are seniors must take final examination, from which they had been exempted before the offense was committed.

### DIPHTHERIA IN ASYLUM

Inmates, Nurses and Doctors Suffering From the Disease

Boston, May 26.—An epidemic of diphtheria has spread throughout the female section of Austin farm, an institution for the insane, with the result that three nurses are in the city hospital, ten nurses and doctors are under doctors' care and some fifty patients and attendants have been found to be carrying the germs.

The entire female section has been put under quarantine and no visitors will be allowed and no new patients admitted for an indefinite period.

The disease showed up a week ago. There are 200 patients in this department and all, it is believed, have been exposed to the germs.

### BOOST IN MEAT PRICES

From Ten to Fifteen Percent Higher in New York City

New York, May 27.—Adjusting themselves to conditions as reported from Chicago, retail prices of meats in New York jumped from 10 to 15 percent Wednesday.

Market conditions caused the rise in beef, mutton and pork, and poultry followed in sympathy. Further advances are expected, when wholesale prices, it is predicted, will also go up to meet light cattle receipts in Chicago.

### CHAUFFEURS ARRESTED

Said to Have Swindled Employers by Tampering With Registers

Boston, May 27.—Police inspectors in plain clothes have been liberally patrolling taxicabs in Boston the past two weeks and as a result have unearthed, it is claimed, a scheme to defraud by means of which the Taxi Service company has lost nearly \$20,000 since the cabs were first operated in this city.

Four men were arrested last night as a result of the investigation and charges of larceny preferred against them. All are taxicab drivers.

The company claims the chauffeurs have tampered with the registers on the taxicabs, making it appear that the machines have traveled a less distance than actually covered and pocketing the differences in fares.

### DID NOT RECORD NOISE

People Opposed to Sunday Baseball Had Relied Upon Photograph

New York, May 25.—A photograph helped the Jersey City club of the Eastern league to win a victory for Sunday baseball in the chancery court here.

A resident near the ball grounds sought to have Sunday games prohibited as a nuisance, but a telephone operator testified that he tried at the plaintiff's house to make a record of the noise alleged to have accompanied the games and that the machine failed to record any noise whatever.

Vice Chancellor Stenson held that Sunday ball playing was illegal, but that its suppression lay with the police rather than with the chancery court.

# DOUBLE CRISIS FACES GEORGIA

## Twelve Trains Carrying Mail to Be Started Today

### Be Started Today

### RACE QUESTION LOOMS LARGE

Trouble May Result If Negro Firemen Take Places on Engines—Arbitration Question Must Be Settled at Once—National Government Deems It Inadvisable at This Time to Actively Interfere

Atlanta, May 28.—A double crisis is expected today in the Georgia railroad strike. First will be the starting of twelve trains which, although carrying mail only, will go through a community intensely interested as to whether white or black firemen will feed the engines and inclined to draw inferences from the makeup of the crews. The community en masse has supported the racial contention of the strikers and grave fear is felt here among the men who have been working for some solution of the difficulty.

The second consideration is the fact that the fate of the attempts at arbitration may be known today. It is reported that Commissioner of Labor Neill has notified General Manager Scott of the railroad that he must before noon make final his decision as to whether he will accept arbitration.

The determination to run the mail trains leaves two problems still open for settlement: First, in what manner the negro shall be allowed to work; second, the question of the interference with interstate commerce and its possible result in federal intervention. The conferees believe that a great gain had been made in eliminating the postoffice department's dilemma, leaving the federal part of the problem for the interstate commerce commission only.

### Peaceful Solution Anticipated

Washington, May 28.—Federal intervention at present in the strike of the firemen on the Georgia railroad is unlikely. Commissioner of Labor Neill, one of the mediators under the Birdman act, is on the ground and is keeping in touch with the situation.

It is hoped that the state authorities will be able to handle the situation, which is recognized as delicate. Under the circumstances, it is thought to be inadvisable for the government at this time actively to interfere, lest such action induce serious trouble between the races. Generally, in official circles, the belief is entertained that a peaceful solution will be reached through arbitration.

Chairman Knapp of the Interstate commerce commission, the other member of the board of mediation, will not go to Georgia unless his presence there is required by Neill.

The postoffice department is proceeding cautiously, although the strike is seriously interfering with the movement of mails.

No decision has been reached regarding the suggestion of Vice President Ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen that the postoffice department designate a representative to confer with him in an effort to get the mails through. This phase of the case, however, will be brought to the attention of Postmaster General Hitchcock, who will return here today.

### Negroes For Mail Trains

Augusta, Ga., May 28.—The crews of the mail trains to be started out of Augusta, Atlanta and other terminal points along the Georgia railroad today are to be made up at the general offices of the road here. The mail clerks will all be negroes. There will be twelve crews handling ten trains. Ten of the firemen marked up for the trips are negroes.

### OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY

Too Strict in Forefathers' Days, According to Presbyterians

Savannah, Ga., May 28.—Strict observance of the Sabbath is obsolete, according to a report made to the general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church in session here.

"We are persuaded," says the committee on Sunday observance, "that the observance of the Lord's Day after the scriptural manner and as practiced by our forefathers is to a large extent a thing of the past."

### Against Use of Tobacco

Denver, May 28.—Clergymen and laymen should not use tobacco, but it is not contrary to the principles of the church for Presbyterian judges to grant saloon licenses. This was the decision of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church.

### Killed by Batted Ball

Boston, May 28.—John Badgley, aged 22, of Plainfield, Conn., a student at the New England automobile school, this city, died from the effects of an injury received while playing ball. Badgley was hit on the head by a batted ball.

### Six Thousand Miners Out

Charleston, W. Va., May 28.—More than 6000 miners went out on strike in the Kanawha coal field because the operators demand the long ton. There was no violence and none is expected.

### Suffragists Making Gains

Boston, May 27.—At the annual meeting of the New England Woman's Suffrage association it was reported that during the past year 8000 names had been added to the Massachusetts membership list, and representatives of the other New England states gave encouraging reports. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was unanimously re-elected president.

# LEPROSY COLONY IS OVERCROWDED

## Great Increase of Disease Reported in Bay State

Boston, May 28.—So great has been the increase of lepers in this state during the past few years that the facilities provided at the leper colony on Penikese Island are proving inadequate to accommodate all the patients.

David F. Tilley of the state board of charities and Dr. Proctor, in charge of the leper colony on the island, appeared before the house committee on rules at the state house in favor of the petition of the board for money to build a new concrete building to house all the lepers sent to the island.

Dr. Proctor stated that five years ago there was not a known case of leprosy in the state, but today he knows of thirteen.

### TO CHAT WITH MARTIANS

Professor Todd Has Completed His Preliminary Arrangements

Amherst, Mass., May 27.—Arrangements have been practically completed by which Professor David P. Todd of Amherst college will make a balloon ascension on July 1 for a preliminary study of the conditions under which he will have to work in September, when he expects to ascend six or seven miles, or possibly higher, for a closer study of Mars and to intercept any possible messages the Martians may be sending earthward.

There will be no artificial means employed to sustain life in the preliminary trip, as the elevation sought will not be greater than three miles.

### A WIDE-AWAKE NEWSY

Prevents Kidnapping of Little Girl in a New York Street

New York, May 28.—A small newsboy who saw a man rush up to a taxicab with a 5-year-old girl checked what the police say was an attempted kidnapping last night. He called a policeman and the man, who gave the name of George Deunzio, was arrested. The child proved to be Bertha Schmitt, the daughter of a baker.

A crowd threatening violence followed the prisoner to a police station. Deunzio's son told the police that his father's mind was unbalanced.

### Five Men Instantly Killed

Dowagiac, Mich., May 27.—Of eight men who were in the Geesey hoop mill here when the mill boiler exploded, five were instantly killed, one died of his injuries, one was severely hurt and one miraculously escaped without injury, though the entire building tumbled about him.

### Five Children at One Birth

Bau Claire, Wis., May 23.—The wife of Ray Irish of Thorp gave birth to five babies, three daughters and two sons. All are alive and well. There are now ten children in the family. The other five were born separately and are all living.

### Fatal Fight Over Cards

New London, Conn., May 28.—Following a quarrel over a game of cards in a saloon here Alonso Parbuto, 35 years old, was shot and killed by Frank Diabat. Diabat is held without bail for a hearing.

### CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp With ELECTRICITY

You must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

You insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

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With an ALCOHOL Lamp With ELECTRICITY

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A MARVEL OF BEAUTY.

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## Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with M. A. HEATH & CO.

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If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal or the lines have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on the old Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. The optical repairing of all kinds. Double's prescriptions given personal attention.

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H. S. MILLIKIN,

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## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: MISS E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1909.

## NOTES.

**UNDERWOOD**—Henry (1) Underwood lived in Newport, R. I., and in Jamestown. In 1678 he was Freeman of J. He married Jane. He had 4 children, Henry, Jane, Wm. and John. His son William (2) Underwood, b May 24, 1671, d 1744 in Sarah. He was First Constable of Jamestown, Ap 17, 1705, and Town Sergeant in 1705-14. He was in Newport Jan 6, 1734. Had 6 children: William, Sarah, Thomas, a daughter, Tamsen, Henry. His son William (3) Underwood, b Mar 14, 1694, married Ann. His son William (4) Underwood, b Feb 23, 1718-19, married Susanna. His son Samuel (5) b So Klugtown, Jan 29, 1766, in Susanna Tripp, of Exeter, b Jan 1, 1758.—E. M. T.

## QUERIES.

6504. JENCKES—Can any one tell me the name of wife of Benjamin Jenckes, of Tiverton, Rhode Island? His daughter Catherine was born 1742, died 1793, married, 1760, Samuel Tripp, of Pomfret, Conn. Tiverton and East Greenwich, Rhode Island. When did Benjamin die? He was living in 1790.—M. P.

6505. TRIPP—Would like dates of birth, death, and names of parents of Samuel Tripp in above query.—M. P.

6506. PECKHAM—What is the date of death of Levi Peckham, of Middletown, Rhode Island, born Ap 17, 1758, married Sept 24, 1780.—M. P.

6507. HORSEWELL—What was the date of death of John Horsewell, of Middletown, R. I., who married Ruth Pearce, and had children, Mary, Henry, Pearce, Deborah and Ruth? His last child was born in 1781. Was he in the Revolutionary War?—M. P.

6508. POTTER—John Potter, born at Coventry, Rhode Island, July 8, 1709, married Dec. 4, 1741, Mary Arnold. Had son Gilbert, born at Scituate, June 22, 1768. Whom did Gilbert marry? Where did he reside? He does not appear on the Census of Rhode Island, 1790.—M. S. S.

6509. COOK—Who were the parents of George Cook, of Tiverton, Rhode Island? He married Nov. 30, 1755. Thankful Irish, born June 8, 1737. Can any one give me the dates of birth and death of George Cook?—J. C.

6510. BORDEN—Would like date of death of Joseph Borden, of Portsmouth, R. I., born Aug. 12, 1733, married Ap 21, 1761, Catherine Turner. Had son William Borden, born Ap. 14, 1760.—H. P.

6511. ARMSTRONG—Who was Nathaniel Armstrong, who married at South Kingstown, 1786, Lucy Champlin, daughter of Robert. Where did he live? When did he die?—M. M.

6512. BARKER—Who was Elizabeth Barker, wife of John Ward, of Middletown, Rhode Island? John was born about 1767, died Dec. 1, 1838.—H. W.

6513. PHILLIPS. ELDRED—Mary Phillips and Daniel Eldred Jan 10, 1799; had: 1 Elizabeth, (5) b Oct 25, 1799, and Wm Wrightman. Margaret, b Oct 19, 1792. Lucy, b Jan 17, 1795. Mary, b May 20, 1797. Sarah Ann (5) Peck, b Jan 27, 1800. Lydia Gardner (6), b Nov 9, 1802. Would like to know names of husbands of these children.—L. B.

6514. KINNEY—Can any one help me in tracing two members of the Kenney or Kinney family—Samuel and Joseph who were soldiers in the Revolution from R. I., and died in Newport. Their deaths mentioned in Newport Herald, date unknown. I find from my notes that Samuel Kenney was a private in Capt. Elijah Lewis's Co., Col. C. Greene's 1st R. I. battalion. If these men lived in Newport should think there would be some record in church or town books. There was a "Mrs. Kenney" also who died in Newport "very aged." Also in the Journal of Rev. Mr. Sparrow he speaks of a call one evening from a "Mrs. Kenney and her naughty daughter." These last are quoted from Arnold. I am sure there were Kinneys in or near Newport. How shall I find about them? Would there be deeds to show purchase of land in Newport? There was a family from Salem or Sutton, Mass., removed from latter place after 1784, some of them settled in R. I. Probably this family included the Samuel and Joseph for whose records I am looking.—E. W. O.

6515. WETMORE—Captain Josiah Standish, third son of Capt. Miles Standish, was appointed Ensign, Commander of Duxbury, Mass., Oct. 8, 1851. He and his mother were the executors of his father's estate. He removed to East Bridgewater, Mass., June 6, 1850. Returned to Duxbury in 1853, and held Selectman and other offices in 1858. Appointed Captain in 1859. Removed to Norwich, Conn., about 1856, and bought land at Preston, Ct. Married, first, Mary Dingley, of Marshfield, in 1854, who died the same year. He then married Sarah Allen,

of Braintree, Had Miles. Had Josiah, who was admitted to the church at Preston in 1700. Married Had Jerusha, who married, Sept 19, 1769, Rev Samuel Kirkland, and had Jerusha, who married John B. Lottrop, and had Mary Ann, who married Edmund A. Wetmore. Rev. James Wetmore, A. M., was born in Middletown in 1693, and was appointed assistant rector of Trinity parish, New York, under Rev. Mr. Vesey, in 1723. Removed to Rye, N. Y., in 1726, where he was rector of the Episcopal church for 80 years. He died of small pox in Rye, May 16, 1780. He had several children among them a son James, who had a son James, who had several children of which my grandfather, John Wetmore, was the youngest. My great grandfather James settled in the town of Hobart, Delaware county, N. Y., and was a very prominent and wealthy man. The Wetmore Genealogy compiled by Mr. James Cunningham Wetmore, of Columbus, Ohio, does not carry my branch of the family further than the children of Rev. James Wetmore. What I lack is the connection between Edmund A. Wetmore, as above, and the Rev. James Wetmore. Can anyone help me?—J. W.

## ANSWERS.

6502. CHANNING—In addition to data already given in this column on this family I wish to add the following:

In ship Peter and Philip entering Boston June 1712, 17th ship from London, are in list of passengers John Channing, Mary Authran (Autrum), Ann Authran. Boston records give John Channing and Mary Authran married Sept. 2, 1712. Children born in Boston: James, b. June 20, 1713. John, b. Dec. 17, 1714. Mary, b. May 8, 1717. No further records of the family found in Boston. Where did they go from Boston?—A. C. M.

## Daughters in Washington.

(Continued from 1st Page.)

We heard with pleasure that our State Regent had been invited to second the nomination of Mrs. Story, and we unanimously agreed to allow her to do this in the name of the Rhode Island Delegation. We unanimously elected the only nominees for State Regent and State Vice Regent, Mrs. Charles Warren Lippitt, of Providence and Newport and Mrs. Stephen Fisk of Pawtucket.

Wednesday was the day for reports of committees, and we found them most interesting, but we were so late in starting that we had to adjourn before we had heard from all the chairmen, and several of the reports, together with a number of State Regent's reports, had to wait until Friday, the time for published business.

Mrs. Murphy of Ohio reported for the "Children of the Republic," which certainly is doing good among the younger population of our country. Mrs. Terry's report on Patriotic Education will be printed. Mrs. Draper spoke of the conservation of the natural resources of the country, and introduced the Hon. Clifford Pinchot, Chief of the U. S. Forest Service, who made a lengthy address, urging the Society to work for the enactment of conservation measures in the various legislative bodies with which we might be connected. Packages of sycamore tree seeds were distributed by the National Society one of which I brought home with me, and have distributed among the members of William Ellery Chapter.

After the report of the Continental Hall Committee contributions to the Continental Hall fund were in order, and received much applause. Mrs. Scott gave \$250 as her personal contribution.

It was estimated that over \$3000 were paid into the fund in less than an hour, and \$25000 during the week.

That evening the Congress attended a patriotic service, by invitation of the Sons of the American Revolution. A fine musical program was rendered, and addresses were made by Edward Bruce Moore, Commissioner of Patents, and Mrs. McLean, Senator Owen of Oklahoma was the principal speaker of the evening, and mentioned the chief objects of the society, saying, "The principles upon which your organization is founded should make it revered by all patriotic citizens. The education of the foreigner, the uplifting of the poor children, and the inculcation of love of country are ideas that venerate the brave patriots whom you reverence and make you the most loyal of American citizens. In your efforts to abolish child labor you have shown yourselves worthy of esteem, and it is my earnest desire that your worthy work may continue in order that the United States may profit by your noble example."

At last came voting day, but not until long after eleven did we hear the first nominating speech. First Mrs. Arms of Illinois nominated Mrs. Scott, then Mrs. Masury of Massachusetts nominated Mrs. Story, and numerous seconds were heard for both candidates. We were proud to hear our State Regent announce that she had a full delegation—with every vote represented, and every vote would be cast for Mrs. Story. Mrs. Story afterward told us that she thought we must be the only delegation with a complete representation. Rhode Island did not fail to do its part.

After the nominations were all in, the Congress took a recess to attend the reception at the White House, but I am very sorry to say that we lost the pleasure of shaking hands with President Taft, as a severe thunder storm came up just at the wrong time.

Finally, long after four, the ballots were distributed, and the slow process of voting began. Our official reader last year had invented a new way of voting—with two ballot boxes instead of one, so it was not as tedious as formerly—but it was eight o'clock before the last vote was cast and the boxes sealed. That evening, three beautiful pieces of silver (destined some day to belong to her three daughters) were presented to the retiring President General. The gift is said to have cost \$1200, and was obtained by popular subscription. Mrs. McLean responded, expressing her thanks and her regret for those who had been her friends. Other addresses were made by Vice Presidents General, and numerous handshakes and embraces and even tears gave evidence of the feeling with which they thought of the close of the administration.

We hoped to hear something about the election, but could get only reports that the tellers could be seen through the windows at the Willard, and at one o'clock were still counting busily. Next morning, we heard only rumors—that Mrs. Scott was elected—then that Mrs. Story had a majority. We thought it would be a close election, but were simply amazed when at

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ALL BRASS—With 1 1/2 in. corner posts and flat caps, 3 of 8 inch fillers, metal caps and middle mounts, no better finished bed at any price, \$12.15

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last the chairman of Tellers appeared and announced that 874 votes had been cast, 365 were valid. Mrs. Scott had 436; Mrs. Story 428. Mrs. Scott therefore was elected the new President General. We groaned inwardly, but waited hopefully to hear the report of the tellers upon the other ballots. As soon as the Chairman of tellers had reported Mrs. Story approached the platform and said: "Madame, president general, and Daughters of the American Revolution. I move that the election of Mrs. Scott be endorsed unanimously by this Congress. To those who have voted for me, I wish to say that I deeply prize the honor of having been at the head of the party that has made the campaign for the conservative element. Had I been privileged to serve as the presiding officer of the society, I would have considered it the highest honor that could come to a woman."

"I wish to ask those who have supported me to expect fair and nonpartisan consideration from the president general, Mrs. Scott, and in return, to accord her every justice and aid that they can give."

We admired Mrs. Story very much for this, but under the circumstances it seemed to us that it would not be right to make the election unanimous—for to us this was not a mere question of two candidates, but we knew that the election of Mrs. Scott meant a continuance of methods which we disliked, and in making the election unanimous, we should be endorsing those very methods which we had tried so hard to change.

One of the prettiest children's entertainments that I ever saw was given early that afternoon by the children of the American Revolution. Fancy dances, especially a beautiful minuet, comprised the program, and we enjoyed the relaxation and rest for our overstrained nerves. From this we went on to Alexandria, where the Mr. Vernon Chapter, of which Mrs. Eleanor Washington Howard is Regent, erected a tablet in Christ Church, to the memory of the Honorary Pall Bearer of George Washington. Gen. Washington's pew had been reserved, and in this was seated Mr. and Mrs. McLean. Mrs. Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Story. In the private car which brought them to Alexandria came also Senator and Mrs. Cummings of Iowa and ex-Gov. and Mrs. Lippitt of Rhode Island.

The U. S. Naval Academy Band from Annapolis gave us stirring music and Representative Morris Sheppard of Texas and Mrs. McLean made us inspiring addresses. Mrs. Howard presented the tablet, which was accepted by the Rector of the church for this year.

The exercises were simple and impressive, and I shall always be glad that we were present.

Friday evening the Congress was supposed to attend a lecture on Texas, but we thought that a good time to ask the Rhode Island Delegates to meet our new State Regent. Western and Newport delegates were the hostesses, but the Pawtucket members had a large parlor which they invited us to use. The room, which McKinley had occupied when he came for inauguration, was beautifully decorated with flags and red roses, the latter of which we afterward presented to our guests. About thirty were present, and we enjoyed games and conversation.

All the Rhode Islanders who were in Washington were with us, glad to renew old acquaintances and give Mrs. Lippitt congratulations and good wishes.

As always, we were proud this year of our State Regent, and it pleased us to have others speak of her personality and presence. Some Virginia ladies told me after the nominations for President General that the Rhode Island State Regent made such a fine impression when she seconded Mrs. Story's nomination, that she must have won votes for Mrs. Story by the mere charm of her personality.

Saturday morning came the announcements of other elections, and, to

our joy, we found that several conservative candidates had been elected.

After all, the struggle was worth while and we may hope in time to have an administration that will harmonize all discordant notes as far as possible, and reduce factions (which should never exist) into one united body, working not only for Home and Country, but for the greatest good to the greatest number.

After the elections, only routine business was transacted, such as notes of thanks and individually and collectively to all who had taken part in the Congress or had helped in any way, and with the benediction and singing of America, the Eighteenth Continental Congress came to an end.

EDITH MAY TILLEY.

## An Isle of Man Oath.

What is regarded as the quaintest oath still in use is that taken by the high court judges in the Isle of Man, the terms of which are as follows: "By this book and the contents thereof and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in the heaven above and the earth beneath in six days and six nights I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, loss or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly between party and party as indifferently as the bearing backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish. So help me God and the contents of this book."

## Selfishness.

Jones worked so hard and denied himself so much in order to pay his life insurance that he had neither the time nor the means to be sick, and he outlived all the beneficiaries, who were meanwhile engaged in the relatively unhealthy business of lying back and waiting for him to die. Moreover, in thinking of the matter he became convinced that he had a good deal of fun, after all—more fun, indeed, than most. "I'm a terribly selfish fellow," exclaimed Jones guffily.—Puck.

## Art Exchange.

Having completed the enlargement of my premises, I shall be glad to again receive my friends and patrons at

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(near Railroad Station). Reception hours from 10 to 6. ANNIE LAWTON. Telephone 2193. 5-29-1w.

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NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.

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## Carr's List.

Elizabeth Visits America, by Ellen Glynn. Cherub Devine, by Sewall Ford. The Inner Shrine, a novel of today. The Journal of a Neglected Wife, by Mabel Herbert Usher. The White Mice, by Richard Harding Davis. Romance of a Plain Man, by Ellen Glasgow. Minkus Wireless Outfits, Price 25c. Self-Cultivation in English, by George W. Palmer, L.L. D. Price 10c. DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

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More than a thousand summering places in the most charming sections of New England are mentioned in this book. It tells the vacation seeker what the trip from New York or Boston to anyone of these places will cost. It contains a list of the best hotels and boarding cottages and their rates. Other information that will prove equally helpful to the summer tourist is contained in this

## Manual of Summer Resorts

Superb service on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Choose anyone of the charming spots in the territory served by this railroad and you will have more vacation enjoyment than you ever had before. A copy of the Manual of Summer Resorts will be sent for two-cent stamp by A. H. Smith, General Passenger Agent, Room 511 New Haven, Conn. Other summer publications issued by this railroad include: Quaint Cape Cod, Narragansett Pier, Buzzards Bay, Watch Hill, Nantucket, North Shore of Long in the Berkshire Hills, Island Sound. Either book sent upon receipt of two-cent stamp.

New York, New Haven &amp; Hartford Railroad Company.

5-29

## Hotel Cumberland

## NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 64TH STREET



HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial, R. J. BINGHAM, Formerly with Hotel Woodward.

Only New York Hotel window-screened throughout.

5-29-11

## EVENLY BALANCED.

Reckon by the pennies; the five-cent pieces, etc., which you spend for nonsense, and see what a short time it would take to buy a piano if you saved the pennies, etc. Think of the pleasure it would give your wife and children, of the rest and recreation it would bring. Life's short, you know; make your loved ones happy while you may. It's impossible to tell how cheaply a good piano may be bought until you come and find out. If we sell you anything which isn't exactly as represented—we are here; hope to be for years,—come and get satisfaction.

## Barney's

## Music Store

154 Thames Street

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

## STATE BOARD

—OF—

## PUBLIC ROADS.

## Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS for the construction of sections of State highway in the following towns:

Town	Miles
Hopkinton and Richmond,	2 1/2
Richmond and Charlestown,	2 1/2
Richmond,	2 1/2
Narragansett,	2 1/2
Westerly,	2 1/2
South Kingstown,	2 1/2
North Kingstown,	2 1/2
West Greenwich,	2 1/2
Coventry,	2 1/2
Warwick (Apponaug),	2 1/2
Warwick (Riverpoint),	2 1/2
East Greenwich,	2 1/2
Little Compton,	2 1/2
Jamestown,	2 1/2
Barrington,	2 1/2
North Providence,	2 1/2
Groceries and Burrillville,	2 1/2
East Providence,	2 1/2
Cumberland and Lincoln,	2 1/2

Will be received by the State Board of Public Roads at its office, State House, Providence, R. I., until 12 m., on WEDNESDAY, June 2, 1909, at which time and place they will be publicly opened and read.

Bids must be made upon blanks to be furnished by the Board.

No bids will be received unless accompanied by a certified check for the sum of \$250, payable to the State of Rhode Island.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and to give preference to towns or cities in accordance with Section 5 of Chapter 92 of the Public Laws.

Plans, specifications and drawings may be examined at the office of the State Board of Public Roads at the State House, Providence, R. I., on and after WEDNESDAY, May 26, 1909, every week day, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 5 p. m., excepting Saturdays and holidays.

JOHN H. EDWARDS,

ROBERT B. TRENT,

FREDERICK R. PERKINS,

WILLIAM C. PECKHAM,

JOHN F. RICHMOND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Private Wires. Tel. 1820

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COMMISSION STOCK BROKER

Mercury Building,

Newport, R. I.

## Block Island and Providence.

## POPULAR NEW SHOREHAM.

Leave Commercial wharf, Newport on week days, 11.15 a. m., Sunday 11.40 a. m. Due Block Island, week days, 1.15 p. m., Sunday 1.40 p. m. Returning, leaves Block Island, week days and Sundays 8.30 a. m. Due Newport 6.15 p. m., Providence 7.15 p. m. S. C. WILSON, Agent, Newport. THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION CO.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

## State Board of Public Roads.

## Notice to Automobillists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-21-11

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Cheapest and Best Will not stain Water Acid and Alkali Proof Waterproof and time-defying Requires no coating for many years Coated both sides, won't rot underneath Can be used on steep or flat roof Elastic and Flexible Fire-Resisting

## WHAT IS IT?

## CONGO

## Never-Leak

## Roofing.

## WHO DOES IT?

## BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

5-21-11

## USE

## Diamond Hill

## BIRD

## —AND—

## Poultry Grit,

## FREE FROM DUST,

## White and Clean,

## INSURES

## Healthy Fowl.

## ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

## MANUFACTURED BY

## Newport Compressed Brick Co

Newport, R. I.

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## T. Mumford Seabury

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214 Thames Street.

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